THE

Songs, Choruſſes, &c.

IN THE

LUCKY ESCAPE,

A

COMIC OPERA,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:
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Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir TOBY STEDFAST, (Father to Maria) - -	Mr. WALDRON.
VENTURE, a Sharper, -	Mr. DODD.
EDWIN, in love with Maria,	Mr. VERNON.

W O M E N.

MARIA, in love with Edwin,	Miss COLLETT.
LETITIA, her Friend,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Servants, &c.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir TOBY STEDFAST, (Father to Maria) } Mr. WALDRON.

VENTURE, a Sharper, Mr. DOBB.

EDWIN, in love with Maria, Mr. YEARSLEY.

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MARIA, in love with Edwin, Miss CLARA.

LETITIA, her Friend, Mrs. WALDRON.

Servants, &c.

Songs, Choruſſes, &c.

Miss COLLETT.

YE cryſtal fountains ſoftly flown,
Ye gentle gales, ah! ceaſe to blow;
For Damon reſts in yonder grove,
And dreams, perhaps, of me and love.

Propitious powers, grant him that reſt
Which ſeldom viſits this fond breaſt;
Still, ſtill ye gales around him riſe
With breath as ſoft as Emma's ſighs.

Around my love ye violets ſpring,
In plaintive notes ye warblers ſing,

Ye

Ye roſes bloſſom o'er his head,
And ſweetly ſcent his moſſy bed.

And if, O love, thy potent dart
Should reach the ſleeping ſhepherd's heart,
O! be to him a gentler gueſt,
And pierce, with lighter ſhaft, his breaſt.

Mr. VERNON.

When winter o'erſhadows the ſcene,
And no longer the hyacinth's blow;
Chill froſt nips the leaf on the green,
And the rivulet ceaſes to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of ſpring,
All nature looks ſmiling and gay;
The warblers in extacy ſing,
And own the ſoft impulſe of May.

The

The lambkins now ſport in the vale,
By the ſtream that meanders along;
The wood-pidgeon tells its ſoft tale,
While melody echo's the ſong.

What pain from thy coldneſs I've known,
When your frowns did my paſſion reprove,
Now you ſmile, May's ſoft raptures I'll own,
And bleſs the ſweet ſeaſon of love.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Hope, thou ſource of every bleſſing,
Parent of each joy divine,
Every balmy ſweet poſſeſſing,
Every promis'd bliſs be thine.

Softeſt friend to heart-felt anguiſh,
Lend, O! lend thy powerful aid,

Bid the lover ceaſe to languiſh,
Cheer the fond deſpairing maid,

Mr. WALDRON.

When women are ſuffer'd to ramble at large,
They think themſelves wondrous wiſe ſir;
They fancy they've knowledge ſufficient to rule,
And advice from the old ones deſpiſe ſir.

The maxims of prudence they ſcorn to purſue,
Till they find themſelves ruin'd—undone ſir;
But mark what I ſay, the old proverb is true,
"Two heads are much better than one ſir."

Mr. DODD.

A ruby lip, a dimpled cheek,
With all the grace's boaſted treaſure,

Thoſe

Thoſe may prize, who idly ſeek,
To me they yield no joy or pleaſure.

Beauty once the heart poſſeſſing,
Charms the ſenſe and drowns our reaſon;
Gold the ſpring of every bleſſing,
Finds a friend in every ſeaſon.

The comely laſs of gay fifteen,
May make a ſilly lover languiſh,
But the pain that lurks unſeen,
Often fills the heart with anguiſh.

Beauty once the heart poſſeſſing,
Charms the ſenſe and drowns our reaſon;
Gold the ſpring of every bleſſing,
Finds a friend in every ſeaſon.

Mr. VERNON.

Ye powers, ah! wherefore decree,
Such torture my boſom ſhou'd prove;
When torn from the preſence of thee,
Of thee whom I tenderly love.

Farewell, every power reward
And guard thy ſoft boſom from harm;
Let conſtancy ſtill be thy guard,
To ſhield thee from every alarm.

Mr. DODD.

O where ſhall I run, which way ſhall I fly,
I tremble all over, I'm ready to die.
To be trick'd thus and treated,
Impos'd on and cheated,
'Tis more than I'm able to bear,
'Tis more than I'm able to bear.

Nay

Nay tell me Letitia which way to purſue,
Be my friend and adviſe, I'll be govern'd by you.
For women, they ſay, are ne'er at a loſs,
The old ones to teaze, or the lover to croſs.
Henceforth we'll be friends,
I'll make you amends,
Nay tell me Letitia, &c.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Farewel, Sir, farewel, depend on my care,
Love and friendſhip invite, to the field I repair;
No threats ſhall diſarm me,
No fears ſhall alarm me,
While on wings of impatience to Edwin I fly,
I laugh at all danger and cuſtom defy.

Let formal old prudes preach their ſanctified rules,
To plague love and beauty, and terrify fools,

No fears ſhall diſarm me,
No threats ſhall alarm me,
Farewel, Sir, farewel, depend on my care,
Love and friendſhip invites, to the field I repair.

Miss COLLETT.

Let your paſſion ſtill be guarded,
Still let reaſon hold her ſway,
Truth like thine muſt be rewarded;
Baniſh ſorrow far away.

Love, each painful care beguiling,
Moulds the heart with power divine,
Softly ſighing, fondly ſmiling,
Only known to minds like thine.
Let, &c.

Looks that ſpeak the ſoft confeſſion,
More than language can impart,

When

When each tender, fond expreſſion,
Flows unbidden from the heart.
Let, &c.

Mr. VERNON.

O, how to bid my love adieu,
The painful taſk reveal!
No more the conſcious bluſh to view,
The tender glance to ſteal.

Alas! how ſharp will be my woe,
For ever torn from thee;
Shall that fond breaſt one joy forego,
Or yield one ſigh for me?

Though deſtin'd every anxious pain,
Each tender fear to prove,
My conſtant heart ſhall ſtill remain,
Unchang'd to thee and love.

Mr.

Mr. WALDRON.

Your blooming face, and gait ſo ſmart,
Has long enſlav'd my tender heart,
Your ſnowy cheeks, as lilies fair,
Your eaſy ſhape and graceful air,
Your eyes ſo bright,
Your teeth ſo white,
I ſigh, I languiſh, I deſpair;
Then liſten, Goddeſs, to my prayer,
For know your face and gait ſo ſmart
Has long enſlav'd my tender heart.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Think on the pangs that muſt rend the ſoft breaſt,
By paſſion diſtracted, by duty diſtreſs'd;
Shield a daughter's breaſt from pining care;
Snatch a faithful lover from deſpair;

Crown

Crown with joy and peace this lovely pair;
Pity their fate;
Let each ſoft feeling this ruin prevent,
And by your compliance enſure them content;
Can you ſtill forget each tender claim,
And their conſtant loves with harſhneſs blame?
Yield them joy and pleaſure, baniſh pain
Ere 'tis too late.

FINALE.

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Every bleſſing crowns this wedding,
All that love and mirth can ſend,
Still one anxious fear's invading,
Still on you our hopes depend.

CHORUS.

Deign to ſmile, and all is pleaſure,
Let no frowns our bliſs annoy,
We deſire no greater treaſure;
Crown this night with mirth and joy.

Miss COLLETT.

Though each bleſſing crowns this wedding,
Still our joys are not complete,
Doubts and fears our minds invading
Till your gentle ſmiles we meet.

CHORUS.

Deign, &c.

Mr.

MR. VERNON.

You alone can crown our wedding,
You alone can make us bleſt,
Every trembling care forbidding;
Now on you our hopes ſhall reſt.

CHORUS.

Deign, &c.

FINIS.

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